

BRITISH AIRMAN FIGHTS AND KILLS GERMAN RAIDER.

DAILY SKETCH.

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ONE HALFPENNY.

"ONE BOMB FELL IN THE CANADIAN HOSPITAL."



The reception room at the All-Canadian Hospital Flight-Commander Bone.

The hospital is splendidly fitted up. This is the massage room.

Exclusive *Daily Sketch* photographs of the Canadian hospital at Ramsgate on which the German air-raiders dropped a bomb yesterday. Though some damage was done, happily none of the patients was injured. Flight-Commander Bone accounted for one of the German airmen after a thrilling 15-minute fight 30 miles out at sea. Altogether nine people were killed and 31 injured in this raid on Kent coast towns.

THE V.C. HER DEAD SON WON.

AUSTRALIA IS PROUD OF HER SONS.



Mrs. Barber, the mother of Pte. Edward Barber, reading at her home in Tring the letter from the King which accompanied the V.C. her son won at Neuve Chapelle. He was afterwards killed in action.

Mr. Hughes, Australia's Premier, with his wife and Mrs. Fisher, visiting the Australian convalescent hospital. The soldiers are as proud of their Premier as he is of the colony's fighting sons—the men whose names will never die.

HOW TO STOP THE MARRIED MEN'S AGITATION.

Sweep Away The Reason For Discontent.

EVERY MAN NEEDED.

But Before He Goes, Safeguard His Home And Family.

EARLY CALL TO ALL GROUPS.

The kernel of the whole business about the married men is that the Government is calling them to the Colours without having redeemed its promise to safeguard their homes.

There is no need for extravagant "demands" on the Government, such as that voiced last week—"Postpone the call to the married until every single man is in khaki." This is absurd.

The need for men is urgent. As Lord Derby said, the Germans will not wait while we settle our squabbles. The groups have got to be called up because the men will be wanted soon.

Any postponement of the call to married groups that may be in operation now will not last long. All the remaining groups will be warned for service within a few weeks.

EVERY MAN MAY HAVE TO GO.

It is not true that the married men are shirkers. They showed their willingness to go by attesting. They realise that before this war is over every man, no matter his age, who can shoulder a rifle may have to go to the war. We are out to fight to the last man and the last shilling.

They have been surprised, as Lord Derby was surprised, at the early call to the married groups. They know they must go earlier than was expected because the Government has muddled the scheme horribly. But they would go cheerfully if the Government would stop "considering" how to safeguard their homes and would provide adequate measures of relief.

"THEIR HOMES MUST NOT SUFFER."

"All this talk of a moratorium is playing with the question," said Mr. J. H. Thomas at Chester yesterday.

"There is only one solution for the married men's grievances, and it is for the Government boldly to say that if we are going to ask married men to go and fight for other people's homes, we will have to see to it that the homes of those married men are not destroyed. If we are going to ask these married men to defend other people's children, the Government will have to see to it that the married men's children do not suffer."

The Government can stop the agitation completely by deciding on a judicious scheme of relief for the men to whom the Army separation allowance spells ruin.

THE WEEK-END CONFERENCES.

To-morrow the House of Commons will take the report stage of the Army estimates, and ministers will be called on to state the Government's policy.

Mr. Asquith will not, it is expected, be able to be in his place in the House, and, in that event, Mr. Lloyd George, and probably Mr. Walter Long, will speak on behalf of the Cabinet.

Since the House met last the Cabinet Committee which is dealing with the problem has been hard at work, as well as the departmental committee to which has been entrusted the task of revising the starred lists.

A meeting of recruiting authorities has also been held at the War Office, so that it is difficult to see why the Government should not be in a position to make an announcement calculated to allay the very justifiable and widespread anxiety and resentment which now prevails among the attested married men.

STATE-AID FOR RENT-PAYERS.

It is not expected that the Government will propose a moratorium or an increase in the scale of separation allowances. The general view is that the State, the landlords, and the insurance companies will have to bear the burden between them. But the State will have to bear the greatest share. Local authorities will probably receive grants out of the taxes to assist hard cases among married middle-class soldiers, each case being treated on its merits.

At a mass meeting of attested married men at Loughborough yesterday a resolution was unanimously passed asking that adequate provision should be made by the Government for the financial responsibilities of married men before requiring them to serve.

A SHOPKEEPER'S STORY.

Feeling That Will Send Mr. Gibson Bowles Into Parliament.

From Our Special Correspondent.

LEICESTER, Sunday.

A dark cloud is hanging over what was once such a jolly little home somewhere in Leicestershire. The cloud is caused by the vacillations of the Government.

An anxious young mother told me of her troubles as she sat by the kitchen fire with the babies.

"Four years ago I was married," she began, "to a good, hard-working husband and we started in

business on our own account. It was uphill work, but we pulled together and determined to make things go. I needn't say more about that than that they *did* go."

She paused to stroke the curly head of the youngest cherub of three of the bonniest bairns you could find in this country of lovely children, and then she said:

"It looks as though it will have to go altogether now, and where we shall have to go, God only knows."

"We Put Everything In."

"In time we took a second shop. The rents were heavy, but trade was pretty good, and the chances seemed quite bright. So we put nearly everything we could scrape together into the business, and took a partner in."

"Then came the war. The partner was a single man, and he joined the Army. We were left alone again, with two shops to run now where there had been one before."

"There was presently not the demand there had been for the kind of things my husband dealt in, but he slaved away early and late, and we thought we should weather the storm."

"Every now and again he would say, 'Ought I to follow Jack and join the Army?' What could I say? I wanted to let him go. I wanted my man to be in khaki with the rest—but the babies had come along. That is the time when a woman does not know what to say."

The Bargain.

"Yet I was proud enough when he came home one night and I saw he had settled the question for himself. I looked at his armet, and I said, 'You've done it, then?' 'Yes,' he said; 'they say the Government will see us through, and so I must help the Government through.'"

"And now nobody knows what the Government is going to do. Sometimes I wonder if the Government will ever do anything for us?"

I asked her to tell me just what her loss would be, supposing the apathy of the Government continues.

"Our two rents," she told me, "total £175. Rates and taxes come to £100, insurance tax another £20. When John goes I can't carry on. There is little hope of disposing of the business. The stock-in-trads I put at £300. Unless a miracle happens we shall lose £1,000."

"What is to happen to me? I suppose I shall get about a pound a week to keep myself and the boys. There are ten years to run on the lease of one shop, and two years on the agreement for this house. Where is that to come from?"

"I cannot call on my parents or my husband's; they are old people and have no more than they need for themselves. I cannot earn much because of the babies. What can we do?"

I glanced at a poster displayed in the kitchen which said, "Vote for Mr. Gibson Bowles, the attested married man's candidate." The woman looked up and smiled. "Yes," she said, "John can do that, anyhow."

From A Wounded Soldier.

The candidate prizes greatly this note scrawled by a wounded soldier in a Blackpool hospital:—

I cannot help letting you know how glad the majority of the married men in the trenches will be if you get in. The life of the married man in the trenches is made a hell by thoughts of what is happening to his wife and kiddies at home.

REPEAL THE CONSCIENCE CLAUSE.

Tribunal Scenes Make Us The Laughing-Stock Of Europe.

The House of Commons will probably have to take the "conscientious" objector in hand again. It is strongly felt that what is now happening at the local tribunals is making us the laughing-stock of Europe.

At the time the Military Service Bill was being discussed there was a widespread feeling in the Unionist and Liberal War Committees against the Conscientious Clause. But it was allowed to remain in the hope that in practice it would be limited to genuine Quakers.

A demand for the repeal, or, at least, the narrowing of the clause, is quite one of the possibilities, writes our Parliamentary correspondent.

THREE TO ONE—AND WON.



Sergeant J. W. Coxon, Somerset Light Infantry, whose home is at Rockworth, near Newcastle, has been awarded the D.C.M. for gallantry during a raid on the enemy's trenches. Engaged by three Germans, he shot two of them and took the third man prisoner.

SOME ADVICE TO NEW SOLDIERS.

Speaking at His Majesty's Theatre yesterday on "Saving Our Soldiers' Lives," Dr. Saleeby offered some advice to new soldiers:—

Have your teeth attended to here;
Don't over-smoke;
Get big enough boots;
Get inoculated;
Refuse the rum ration;
Get lots of sugar in the way of sweets and jam.

THE NATION'S RUM BILL.

Mr. Joseph King, the champion questioner, is sadly disturbed in his mind because we are becoming a nation of rum-drinkers.

He wants Mr. Runciman this week to stop the import of rum, because we imported last year three million more gallons of it than the year before. Most of it went to the Fleet and the trenches.

THE ROYAL DEFENCE CORPS.

Formation Of Another Regiment Authorised.

PAY AS FOR INFANTRY.

An Army Order was issued last night containing a Royal Warrant authorising the formation of a corps to be entitled "The Royal Defence Corps."

The rates of pay of the officers, warrant officers, non-commissioned officers and men of this corps, says the Royal Warrant, "shall be those laid down for our infantry of the line in our Warrant for the pay, appointment, promotion and non-effective pay of our Army dated December 1, 1914."

SIR E. GREY'S FIRM WAY.

Not Concerned About Austrians Who Fear U-Boats.

How Austrians taken prisoners in India object to being sent back to their own country through fear of being torpedoed by their own U-boats is shown by a long correspondence between their Foreign Office and Sir Edward Grey, which was published yesterday.

The Austrian main assertion is that the persons in question were sent from India in the Golconda "and forcibly repatriated in contravention of the terms of an agreement concluded at the end of 1914."

They will therefore hold the British Government "liable for the lives and health of all who are repatriated under compulsion."

Sir Edward Grey is frankness itself. He points out that 25 of the repatriated Austrians were of a "particularly undesirable class," while as to the lives and health of any others "his Majesty's Government can only reiterate that they do not propose to take any precautions on behalf of Austro-Hungarian subjects which they do not take on behalf of their own subjects."

D.C.M. SON OF A FIGHTING FATHER.



Corporal E. Lolley, of Hemmingborough, Yorks—photographed with his wife—had 15 years' Army service and eleven children, yet rejoined for the war and went to the front. Now his eldest son, Private Wm. Lolley, 10th Durham L.I. (inset), has won the D.C.M. for carrying messages through a fireswept zone.

"DEMORALISING" MUNITION WORK.

The Bishop of Southwell, presiding at a special Diocesan Conference at Nottingham, expressed his concern about munition workers, observing it was demoralising that a large number of single and married women should be working twelve hours daily seven days a week.

WORKED IN HUSBAND'S FACTORY.

The wife of the Leeds master tailor who has been working as an operative in her husband's clothing factory, has now resigned her membership of the girls' trade union.

A dispute is pending in the trade, and in the event of a strike she would have had to hand in her strike notice to her husband.

MOTOR CHAR-A-BANC OVERTURNED.

Through a motor char-a-banc leaving the road near Coedhernew (South Wales) on Saturday, and turning over in a field, P.C. Stephens was rendered unconscious, and Mr. C. Jones, of Tredegar, seriously injured. Others were injured by broken glass.

The accident is supposed to have been caused by a passing motor striking the front wheel of the char-a-banc.

ENVER TURNS UP AGAIN.

It is announced that Enver Pasha, the Young Turk leader, has returned to Constantinople after a tour of inspection in Syria, Palestine, and Arabia.—Central News, from Amsterdam.

KING AND QUEEN'S 'TREAT' TO WOUNDED HEROES.

Nearly 3,000 To Be Their Guests At Buckingham Palace.

ROYALTY AT THE TEA-TABLES.

The King and Queen will entertain at Buckingham Palace this week nearly three thousand of our wounded soldiers and sailors—most of them men from outlying hospitals, such as Greenwich, Croydon, and Epsom.

These guests will be divided up into three parties of from eight hundred to one thousand each, and be received on separate days—tomorrow, Wednesday, and Thursday. They will represent all parts of the United Kingdom and the Dominions.

The ample space within the Royal Mews has been made available for the purposes of the entertainment, which will consist of tea, followed by a concert, in which music-hall turns will be a prominent feature. The riding school has been fitted up as a theatre, with a spacious stage and an auditorium capable of seating a thousand people.

Prince Albert At A Rehearsal.

Their Majesties will be present on each occasion; members of the Royal family will preside at the principal groups of tea-tables, and ladies connected with the Royal Household will assist in waiting on the guests.

Prince Albert was present at a rehearsal arranged by Captain the Hon. Sir Charles Wentworth-Fitzwilliam, Crown Equerry to the King, to familiarise the members of the Household and the host of other voluntary workers with their duties.

Colonel Sir Douglas and Lady Dawson, Sir Frederick and Lady Ponsonby, Colonel and Mrs. Clive Wigram, the Marchioness of Ripon, Sir Charles and Lady Fitzwilliam, the Hon. Sir Arthur and Lady Walsh, the Earl of Chesterfield, Colonel Frank and Lady Eva Dugdale, Mr. Hansell, Lord Sandhurst, Lord Farquhar and dozens of others connected with the scheme were among those who attended at the Royal Mews to acquaint themselves with the arrangements made for the parties.

CONFERENCES OF THE ALLIES.

Sir Edward Grey And Mr. Lloyd George To Go To Rome.

Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. McKenna and Mr. Runciman will, it is anticipated, be among those selected to represent Great Britain at the Economic Congress of the Allies in Paris shortly.

At the other Allied Congress, which takes place in Rome next month, Mr. Lloyd George will represent Great Britain, as well as Sir Edward Grey.

The Unionist and Liberal War Committees are pleased over the selection of the Minister of Munitions, because they regard him as having more backbone than most of his colleagues, and as certainly our best man for any congress, whether meeting Allies or enemies.

CADORNA IN PARIS.

It is announced from Turin that General Cadorna left Italian headquarters yesterday. The Italian Generalissimo will spend to-day in Paris, and will also visit the French Headquarters, after which he will return to Paris and have meetings with Signor Salandra and Baron Sonnino, who will participate in the conference of the Allies.—Central News.

ONE OF WAR'S MINOR TRAGEDIES.

After three weeks in the Army Private Arthur William Mills, of Godalming, has died in camp.

Early in the war he offered himself for the Army, but was rejected. When canvassed under the Derby scheme he tried once more, but was rejected. He subsequently received intimation that he would be accepted for home service, and went up with his group last month. He died from acute pneumonia after less than two days' illness.

He was 26 years of age, and his marriage had been arranged to take place next month. On the day after she was told of his death his fiancée received her first wedding present.

WHEAT CHEAPER, BUT BREAD—?

At the week-end corn markets wheat was 3s. 6d., 4s., 5s., and 6s. cheaper on the week. Cheaper freights (due to increased shipping facilities) and growing hope that the Dardanelles will soon be open for the conveyance of Russian wheat, are two causes of the fall.

Bread is still 9½d. the quarter loaf.

Mr. Cecil Cochrane has been returned unopposed for South Shields.

THE DAILY SKETCH IN THE TRENCHES

Writing home from the trenches "Somewhere in France" to his mother, a soldier has said:—

Please tell — that the best thing he can send me would be a weekly edition of the "Daily Sketch," as this would contain a whole week's pictures and news.

If you want to make your soldier happy why not send him a copy of the weekly edition of the *Daily Sketch*? It's easy. All that you have to do is to send 6d. a week to the offices of the *Daily Sketch*, Shoe-lane, London, and we do the rest.

GERMAN RAIDER BROUGHT DOWN IN SEA BY NAVAL AIRMAN

DAYLIGHT RAID BY FOUR GERMAN SEAPLANES.

Bombs Dropped On Dover, Deal, Ramsgate And Margate.

15-MINUTE FIGHT OVERSEA.

Naval Airman Brings Down One Of The Huns' Planes.

OBSERVER KILLED.

9 Killed, 31 Injured; Bombs On Canadian Hospital.

From The War Office.

Sunday Night.

Four German seaplanes flew over East Kent to-day. The first pair appeared over Dover, flying at a height of 5,000-6,000 feet, one at 1.57 p.m., and the second at 2.2 p.m.

The first dropped six bombs in the harbour and then went north-west, dropping bombs on the town.

The other raider, after passing over Dover, appeared over Deal at 2.13 p.m., and dropped several bombs.

The second pair appeared over Ramsgate at 2.10 p.m. and dropped bombs on the town.

One of this pair went west and the other north, pursued by a British aeroplane.

One bomb is reported to have been dropped on Margate.

The second machine appeared over Westgate at 2.20 p.m.

Here several of our aeroplanes went up in pursuit.

No bombs were dropped on Westgate.

The total casualties so far reported are:—

Killed.	Injured.
3 men.	17 men.
1 woman.	5 women.
5 children.	9 children.

As far as can be ascertained 48 bombs were dropped altogether.

One bomb fell in the Canadian Hospital at Ramsgate, causing damage, but no casualties.

Material damage was done to several houses, and some artisans' cottages were wrecked.

Flight-Commander Bone, R.N.A.S., in a single-seater aeroplane, pursued one of the German seaplanes 30 miles out to sea, where, after an action lasting a quarter of an hour, he forced it to descend.

The German machine was hit many times and the observer killed.

ONE BOMB KILLS A MAN AND FOUR CHILDREN.

Remarkable Escapes From Death In Ramsgate.

From Ramsgate it appears that the raid was carried out by two aeroplanes, which approached from the sea, flying fairly high.

They were fired at when over the sea by a French machine, after which the Taubes came over the town and dropped a number of bombs.

One bomb was responsible for the death of one man and four children.

The man was driving a motor-car along the main thoroughfare, and the bomb fell directly on the car, killing the man instantaneously. The children were killed by fragments. The lower part of the man's body was fearfully mutilated.

The four children who were killed were on their way to Sunday school.

BOMB ON CANADIAN HOSPITAL.

Another bomb fell upon a large building now used as a hospital for Canadian soldiers. Fortunately no injury was done to any of the patients.

Another bomb fell on the premises of a large firm, and was responsible for the smashing of hundreds of feet of plate glass.

Three bombs fell in a residential portion of the town and two in another street, one bomb completely wrecking the back portion of a house. The husband, wife and six children were having their dinner in a front room, and all happily escaped injury.



An eight-year-old Dover victim of the raid!

RAIDERS DISAPPEAR WITH BRITISH IN PURSUIT.

Orphanage Attacked By The Baby-Killers.

WOMAN LOSES BOTH HER ARMS.

From Our Own Correspondent.

DOVER, Sunday Night.

Two enemy aeroplanes raided Dover shortly after two o'clock this afternoon, and during a very brief stay dropped a dozen bombs, which are reported to have killed four people and injured several others.

British airmen very quickly gave chase to the raiders. Shortly after our aviators got into the air the inhabitants witnessed a thrilling spectacle as they engaged the Germans with machine-guns.

Eventually the raiders, with our airmen giving chase, disappeared from the view of the shore folk.

BOMBS ON ORPHANAGE.

An orphanage, beneath the roof of which a large number of children were sheltered, had a very narrow escape. One of the bombs went right through the roof, and a sister was badly cut by falling tiles.

Fortunately none of the children were in this part of the institution at the time. Warned by the approach of the enemy aircraft they had been removed to the basement before the raider dropped its deadly missile. A large portion of the roof, dismantled by the explosion, fell into the roadway, happily without injuring anyone.

CHURCHES THREATENED.

Two churches had very narrow escapes. Within 10 yards of one stores and stables were partly destroyed, while another was just beyond the range of a bomb which smashed the windows of a shop.

A woman walking along the street was blown into the doorway of a shop by a bursting bomb, and was badly injured.

Such was the force of the explosion that some of the fragments went clean through the shop door against which she had been hurled.

One woman had both arms blown off.

ONLY ONE FOWL KILLED.

No People Killed Or Hurt In The Raid On Deal.

From Our Own Correspondent.

DEAL, Sunday Night.

Several bombs were dropped in Deal. There were no casualties and no loss of human life. One fowl was killed and the feathers of another were scorched.

Some damage was done to property. One small cottage was demolished and several outhouses were damaged, but most of the houses near where the bombs dropped suffered nothing worse than broken windows.

People left their dinner-tables and hurried into the streets, but there was no sign of panic.

Through a telescope I saw a number of aeroplanes in the sky. They were moving rapidly in all directions. There appeared to be two distinct sets of machines.

Suddenly I saw a machine making at a great speed towards Deal.

As soon as the raiders arrived over Deal I saw something drop and immediately there was a loud explosion. A large crowd had gathered on the parade, but it began to thin as some of the people wisely sought shelter indoors.

The first three bombs fell in quick succession, one wrecking a small cottage, the occupants of which were fortunately not at home. Two other bombs dropped within a few yards of each other in an adjoining garden, damaging two fowl-houses and killing one fowl and singeing the feathers of another.

Just Missed The Church.

A fourth bomb fell in the roadway and another beside the wall of the graveyard of a church, only just missing that building. Yet another buried itself in the garden of a small house on the opposite side of the road, breaking the windows and wrecking an outhouse, but missing a stable in which were a number of horses.

There are churches standing very close together in the district in which the last three bombs fell. All escaped damage. A carpenter's shop adjoining one church was completely wrecked.

The driver of a motor-car which was passing through the danger zone saw the raider overhead, and with great presence of mind backed the car, as he thought, into safety. No sooner had he jumped out and sought cover himself than a bomb dropped on to the car and smashed it.

Another man was walking in the street when he saw the first bomb fall. He threw himself down beside a brick wall. The next two bombs exploded close to him, but he was not hit by any of the fragments.

Thanksgiving services were held this evening in St. George's Church and other churches in the town.

5 a.m. Edition.

GERMANS FAIL AGAIN ON VERDUN HILLS.

Enemy Hurled Back From Heights To East Of Verdun.

"ON THE WANE."

Allies' Air Attacks On Metz And The Belgian Coast.

ZEEBRUGGE RAIDED.

The Germans made another unsuccessful attack on Saturday night upon the eastern edge of the Verdun plateau at Vaux.

This attempt was repulsed like the others, and no further attempts have been made elsewhere.

On the other hand, the Allies continue to show aerial activity—

- (1) On the Belgian coast, where the submarine base of Zeebrugge has been bombed by Allies' aeroplanes;
- (2) On the railway station at Metz, from which supplies and reinforcements are sent to Verdun;
- (3) Near Mulhouse, in Upper Alsace, on the main line to the Swiss frontier; where a big air battle took place between French raiders and defending aeroplanes.

There were numerous air fights on the British front yesterday, and one German machine was brought down in a damaged condition.

A British reconnaissance party was heavily engaged, but all our machines returned safely.

GERMANS INACTIVE ON THE VERDUN FRONT.

Gallant French Airman Brings Down His Seventh Machine.

French Official News.

PARIS, Sunday, 11 p.m.

To the north of Rheims our artillery carried out destructive fire against the enemy trenches at Neuville and at Godat Farm.

There was marked activity on the part of our batteries in the region of Ville-aux-Bois.

In the region to the north of Verdun the bombardment appreciably slackened.

In the course of the day the enemy made no attempt to attack.

To the north-east of St. Mihiel our heavy artillery cannonaded the enemy supply depots at Varvinay.

There is nothing to report on the rest of the front.

Aviation.—Sergeant Navarre brought down his seventh German aeroplane in the region of Verdun. The enemy machine fell in our lines.—Reuter.

23 FRENCH RAIDERS IN GREAT AIR BATTLE.

2 Machines Fall In Machine-Gun Duel, 5 Others Injured.

PARIS, Sunday, 3 p.m.

East of the Meuse [towards Germany], after a violent bombardment, the enemy towards the close of the afternoon yesterday made a fairly lively attack against our front between Vaux and Damloup.

Hurled back by our curtains of fire, the Germans failed completely in their attempt.

No action by the enemy's infantry is reported during the night.

In the region of Verdun one of our aeroplanes brought down an enemy machine, which fell in flames into our lines near Montzeville.

Five of our double-motor machines bombarded the station of Metz-Sablons, the enemy ammunition depots at Chateau Salins, and the aerodrome of Dieuze. Thirty bombs of heavy calibre were dropped during this expedition, of which 20 were dropped on the station at Metz. [These places are on the eastern frontier of France. Metz is the chief stronghold of German Lorraine.]

(Continued on page 10.)

DON'T BE ALARMED.

The Secretary of the War Office announces that several of the guns of the London aerial defences will fire blank ammunition to-morrow between the hours of 6.30 and 7.30 p.m.

FRENCH DESTROYER SUNK.

PARIS, Sunday.

It is officially announced that the French destroyer Renaudin was sunk by an enemy submarine yesterday morning in the Adriatic.

Three officers, including the commander and the second in command, and 44 men are missing.

Two officers and 34 men were picked up by a French torpedo-boat which was accompanying the Renaudin.—Reuter.

The Crown Prince of Serbia, accompanied by the Serbian Premier and the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, is expected to arrive in London in the near future.

Helfferich And Germany's Gamble.



The Men with the System (to their dupe): "Go on, go on staking—the System must win!"
—(Copyright by Will Dyson.)

TOBRALCO
TOOTALS GUARANTEE IT

One of the great Tootal line of Guaranteed Wash Fabrics.

BUY your Tobarco now and save 1½d. a yard. The War with all its resultant manufacturing difficulties has at last compelled an increase in Tobarco prices to: White, 11½d. per yard; Colors and Black, 12½d. We have fixed on April 20th for this rise so that old friends of Tobarco can procure their summer's needs at the old prices now. Tobarco is as sound and serviceable as ever.

PRICES UNTIL APRIL 19, 1916

The British-made Cotton Wash Fabric.
9¾ a yard | Black and Self-White Colors | 10¾ 3d.
(27-28 inches wide)
Name on Sleeve. At Drapers Everywhere.

TOOTAL BROADHURST LEE CO. Ltd., Manufacturers also of Tootal Piqué, Tarantulle, Tootal Cloth, and Tootal Shirtings for Men and Women.
A 19.

To Save Money, Time and Trouble when Baking — to prevent waste from bad batches—use—

"Paisley Flour"
(Trade Mark)
The SURE raising powder.

Every batch of bread or cakes comes out the same — light, delicious, wholesome, digestible and therefore economical.

No waste in baking.
No waste in eating.

The grocer sells "Paisley Flour" 7½d., 4d. and 1d. packets made by Brown & Polson of Corn Flour fame.

THE FORTUNES OF WAR.



Lieut. D. L. Jones, 9th Welsh, who fell in action, while his brother won the Military Cross. His mother received condolence money on the same day.

CYCLIST AND AIRMAN.



Flight-Lieut. Graham Price, who has been killed at the front. Well known as an amateur racing cyclist, he became a dispatch rider, and later joined the R.F.C.

OFF TO EAST AFRICA.



Colonel James Montgomery, C.S.I., has just been appointed Red Cross Commissioner with the forces operating in British East Africa.—(Swaine.)

MISCELLANEOUS SALES. PAPER HANDKERCHIEFS.—"TOINOCO" Brand are cheap and cleaner for colds and general use; 50 for 1s. 6d. At Chemists or TOINOCO CO., 83, Clerkenwell-road, London.

CYCLE TYRES AT 1914 "PEACE" PRICES. SOUNDS incredible—yet perfectly true. Previous big buying at old prices explains our offer. Grand opportunity to cut down your tyre bills. Secure FREE Copy of our large Complete Cycle Requisites Catalogue, and see for yourself. Magnificent choice of styles in Covers—all prices—whilst Air Tubes are wonderfully cheap. This is a genuine money-saving chance. Don't miss it. Stocks are big, instant delivery is guaranteed, but once cleared prices are sure to rise. Why not write TO-DAY? No time like NOW. Catalogue costs you nothing, but may save you pounds.

MOORHOUSE, LTD., 16, Padham, Burnley. VITADATIO, The Marvellous Blood Purifier and Tonic. Cures Gastric Ulcers, Tumours, Tuberculosis, and Internal Growths when other treatments fail. Sold by Boots Cash Chemists and Taylors' Drug Stores, 1/3, 2/6, and 5/- bottles. See the "VITADATIO" advertisement.

SERVICE AND EXEMPTION

POSSIBLY, the effect may pass, but it really seems for the moment that Captain Willie Redmond has brought us back to our senses. There has been, I think, during the past few days a better recognition of the duty of the married man.

PLAINLY, whatever mistakes in tactics may be made by the authorities, the duty of the married man who has attested is to hold himself ready for service.

IN a crisis like this, when everything may be lost if the whole strength of the nation is not brought to bear upon the enemy at the earliest possibility, no individual has any responsibilities—or, rather, every individual has one and one only—his responsibility towards his country. Doubtless, in turn, the country has responsibilities in regard to each of its subjects, and especially to each married recruit and his family; if those who stand for the country ignore those responsibilities they deserve to be punished, but such a lapse from their duty does not excuse a lapse from ours.

IT is stated that some married men enlisted under a misapprehension, and that their intent was to place themselves in a position to plead for exemption. Well, I have not much sympathy with a man who takes a solemn oath to serve his country merely for the purpose of claiming exemption from service, nor do I see how this affects in the least the married men who have attested and have not been exempted. It is obvious that they must expect to be called up. When they are to be called up depends entirely on our military needs.

THAT the married men should be angry is very natural. I am angry myself. I am angry that even now no adequate measures have been taken to safeguard the dependants of our married men. It is true that French soldiers talk with wonder of our stupendous separation allowances. But in France other provision has been made for dependants. And our married men have every right to demand that something more shall be done.

I AM angry, too, that even now the young men have not been routed out of starred trades and brought back from Ireland. (In passing, let me call attention to the fact that if very many young men sought refuge in starred industries and a trip across the Irish Sea, a good many fled to matrimony before the passing of the Registration Act.) It seems clear the authorities are desirous of getting hold of the starred dodger, and in the case of factories and workshops they will doubtless accomplish their desire.

BUT in the case of assistants in small shops, and above all of farmers' sons and farm hands, the task is more difficult. In many instances the local tribunals are composed almost exclusively of persons interested in exemptions. There have been cases where the applicant was the son or the servant of a member of the very tribunal who had to examine the plea. It is plain that the institution of the tribunals has been far too carelessly managed; let the central authorities take immediate steps to reform them!

WHAT, again, will married men think of the exemption of a number of Atherton Hunt servants for six months on the ground that they were indispensable to fox-hunting? Have they not every right to say "The welfare of my wife and children is of somewhat more importance than the maintenance of fox-hunting"?

FINALLY, I want to commend to all local tribunals the example of the tribunal at Newcastle. It has stipulated that exemptions granted to men who had been passed for home service only should be accompanied by the obligation to join a Volunteer Training Corps. It might well become the general practice to enlist for home service all men who are engaged on indispensable work, or who are unfit to serve abroad. In the event of invasion no trade but one—the trade of arms—would be indispensable.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.



Prince Albert's Shot.

PRINCE ALBERT, when he opened the range at Westminster, fired the first shot—and missed the bull—an event which may go down to history, for between ourselves I fancy Prince Albert must be the first Royalty who ever did miss the bull on such an occasion. And isn't he hearing about it from his brothers and sister? There was a time when he used to have most of the fun in the way of chipping his elder brother, but times change.

Beat Prince Henry.

THE WINNER of the Junior Steeplechase at Eton—in which Prince Henry made so good a show—was the Hon. Elwyn Villiers Rice, the second son of Lord Dynevor, who was one of the Brighton members before his succession. The young athlete, who is a nephew of the Earl of Jersey, is a few months the junior of his Royal rival, and is in his sixteenth year.

The Cry Of The Married.

WE HAVE had some very odd suggestions for a settlement of the married men business, but I think the very oddest of all comes from the aged Bishop of Marlborough, who wants the position as between the men and the Government fought out in the Appeal Courts. Let me repeat that the married men who attested are sworn by the most solemn oath to serve their country, and to write as if it was a stock jobbing contract is to have an odd conception of patriotism. Also, it is unfair to the vast majority who are becoming tired of this clamour, and recognise that, however tardily, the authorities really are at work "unbadging" shirkers.

Tired Of The Commons.

SO THE HON. FREDDIE GUEST has got tired of the House of Commons—for which I don't blame him—and is going back to active service once more. He came back to see compulsion carried through, and as, in a sort of way, he has seen the thing started his mission is more or less fulfilled. Perhaps if (and when) Winston gets his brigade he will have his relation on his staff, and they'll be able to keep their hands in debating in their dug-outs.



—(Lafayette.)

Lord French's Way.

I HEAR THAT since Lord French's return to England the progress of the "sub." in training has been watched a good deal more closely. Every officer, in fact, has to make good, or else—

Was Snowden At The Sitting?

DURING the last few days any number of M.P.s—who are not, as a whole, an artistically inclined body of men—have been to the Chenil Gallery to see the Augustus John portrait of Lloyd George. That turn of the head, that look, they say, is the Minister of Munitions to the life when Philip Snowden is making one of his particularly virulent attacks on him.

The Belated Budget.

THE Budget so eagerly anticipated by the "forestallers" last month is rather tardy about making its appearance. Whereat some of the merchants are greatly disappointed. Those excessive profits which they expected to make at once by tacking on the increase in the duty to their wholesale prices have not materialised. And the Government has the use of their money and its interest. One merchant is particularly pessimistic about the belated Budget (he used another adjective, really). "I'm told," said he, "that it's not coming out till August."

The Navy First.

THAT WAS AN unpardonable blunder at a public luncheon last week, when representatives of both services were present, to give the toast of the Army before the Navy. The chairman, at least, being an ex-Sheriff with experience, should have known better. Even if the Chief of the Staff and a young midshipman were at a function of this kind, the m'ddy would take precedence in replying to the Service toasts.

German Run On Spanish Grammars.

WHAT DOES it mean? I am told that a little while ago any number of the German prisoners in British internment camps suddenly, as if as the result of a command, took to learning Spanish.

Echoes of the Town.

Boy Who Beat Prince Henry—Budget "Forestallers" Tricked—London Season Of Gilbert And Sullivan.

The P.M.'s Throat.

I HEAR that the Prime Minister's recent illness (he is still convalescent) was complicated by uncomfortable, but not serious, throat trouble. The bulletins, of course, described it as bronchial catarrh (short for "cough"). But the P.M. has not infrequently suffered from "smoker's throat," and this in a person who, *ex officio*, has to do a certain amount of talking has to be taken care of. Poor Mr. Asquith! The biggest laugh in the Empire revue greets the remark (in answer to a Marconi "buzz"), "Ah, that's Mr. Asquith. He wants to know where this war is everyone's talking about."

"Bend Or."

HE IS "Bend Or" popping up again, this time in connection with the brilliant little scrap Sollum way. He is a picturesque enough personality is the Duke. Birth, youth, vast wealth, good looks, bravery, sportsmanship, popularity—the gods have indeed been good to Hugh Richard Arthur Grosvenor, 2nd Duke of Westminster.

Puttees May Go.

IT seems more than likely, I hear, that after the war puttees will disappear from the dress of our Army. With officers their use is, of course, optional, and many who wore them at first are discarding them. Unless worn tight, the puttee never looks smart, and its tightness brings on varicose veins. In the trenches it has been blamed as the cause of frost-bitten feet, by checking circulation.

Hungry Huns.

INDIVIDUAL OPINION from the front is not, of course, "infallible" (with the second "i" very long), as Barrie's romantic policeman would say, but it is a significant fact that each of three letters I have just read from different men in different sections speaks of "fed-up" Germans crossing over to our trenches to surrender. Some complained of being half-starved.

Smoking Aids Concentration.

I HAVE discovered why Civil Servants smoke at work. It is done in the interests of the public service, because it is conducive to concentration. Then it is officially allowed in several offices. An official box of matches is supplied—to First Division clerks only!

Girls Clerks Think So, Too.

A TEMPORARY woman clerk in a Government office tells me that there are not likely to be many feminine protests against the custom. They have become acclimatised to smoke at home. The concentration theory, she thinks, is a good reason why women clerks should be encouraged to smoke. Anyway, she has noticed that the men who smoke do not look at the clock so often as do the non-smokers.

In The W.O.

IN the War Office I know of one woman clerk who *does* smoke. At present, I believe, she is the only one.

Minstrelsy Of Munitions.

THE Ministry of Munitions staff seem a very happy family. You can (almost) hear them singing at their work in Trafalgar-square. Why not rechristen them the Minstrelsy of Munitions?



Franz-Joseph: Why do you crow like that?
The Bird: I'm letting you know that Erzzerum is taken.
Franz-Joseph: Well, what about it? I am far away and safe.
The Bird: But in Transylvania you had better pack up, and on the Rumanian frontier spike your guns.

—(From the Polish journal Mucha.)

"Disloyalty!"

A GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENT wished to get certain misleading information conveyed to Germany. All sorts of devices to convince the Teuton that it was the real article were discussed. Finally there came brilliant inspiration from one of those ancient seers that sit high in official places. Lose the documents in Ireland, and they would go straight to Germany with the hall-mark of conviction upon them! So the official documents were carefully lost near a well-known Sinn Fein rendezvous. Ten minutes later, when the official went back to report, he found that the documents had been returned to the military headquarters.

Gilbert And Sullivan In London.

DON'T BE too surprised if you find in the future a season at the London Opera House of Gilbert and Sullivan opera. I believe this would be a "winner." To those who talk about the vastness of the theatre let me point out that the recent short revival there of "Charley's Aunt" resulted in a few comfortable thousands "clear" for Mrs. Brandon Thomas.

Albert Chevalier.

MANY happy returns to Albert Chevalier, who will be fifty-five to-morrow. He is an artist of the first water, and has carved out a little niche for himself in the entertainment world in which no one else has ventured to approach him. Chevalier's alertness, sense of character, and perfection of gesture can be traced to some extent to his French blood, but he has spent most of his professional career in England, apart from long tours from time to time.

He was originally on the "legitimate" stage, making his first appearance at the old Prince of Wales's Theatre, under the Bancrofts, in 1877. He still appears in plays occasionally. I saw him at the Court Theatre a few years ago, and he has played in Drury Lane drama fairly recently.

Toleration.

CHEVALIER is appreciated by people who look upon "the profession" with no kindly eye, and who would attend one of his recitals without having the least intention of ever going near a theatre. He once turned up to do "Our Bazaar" without his luggage, and borrowed a clerical collar and frock-coat from a real vicar. Could toleration go further?

Russians Really In England.

THERE WAS a party of Russian officers in full uniform about the West End on Saturday night. They dined at the Savoy, and I found them later at a music-hall, where their picturesque and distinguished appearance excited no end of attention and admiration. The Russians seem to disdain the humble medal ribbons. When they are entitled to wear decorations, they just wear 'em, and no nonsense. And so every breast had its row of dangling, glittering medals. And why not?

Methodistical.

WHICH REMINDS me. I can't imagine why the Grand Duke Michael doesn't appear in Russian uniform, which suits him down to the ground, more often than he does. He usually insists on wearing a black frock coat, of uncertain fit, and a white silk tie, tied in a sailor's knot, which give a Methodistical rather than a Grand Ducal effect.

Charity Concerts.

ALTHOUGH the afternoon was sunny and balmy there was a very fair audience, including Queen Alexandra, for the Irish concert at the Albert Hall on Saturday. The fair officials, stewardesses, programme-sellers, etc, dauntlessly proved that the "Bad Form in Dress" posters mean nothing whatever to the influential and the be-paragraped. It isn't only the artistes, who in many cases pay their own taxi-fares, who must find charity concerts terribly expensive.

New General Staff.

FOR ONE RARE, "romantic" moment Fleet-street thought itself gloriously crazy. Appended to an ancient placard inviting young men to join up now was an official-looking legend:—

New general staff wanted.
Must be quick and intelligent.
It seemed that the "ginger" group had prevailed at last, but the notice was merely an advertisement for waitresses in a tea-shop! And even so—as the cynic remarked—a brass-hat has been known to display intelligence, but could he ever be quick?
MR. GOSSIP.

"POLITICIANS MUST KEEP PLEDGES."



A meeting of attested married men in Hyde Park passed resolutions protesting against the Government calling them up before single men had been forced to join.

HUMOROUS SIDE OF LIFE IN THE



"Come down, yer silly ass; you'll be getting one in th' neck!"—"What, an' get me feet wet—not likely!"



"We are having a ripping time, officers. Inset—"

COMRADES' WEDDING.



Gunner A. L. Wheeler, H.A.C., and his bride, Miss M. Boyle. They were sweethearts together at the same place of business.

JACK HANDY WITH HIS CAMERA AT THE MEET OF THE HOUNDS.



Jack on shore leave turns photographer. An incident at a meet of the East Sussex Foxhounds at Fairlight, near Hastings. The dogs pose placidly for the picture.



These humorous sketches were drawn by Gunner No. 1, Artillery, who was killed.

THEIR DUG-OUT



At the door of a dug-out

MADE BOYS INTO MEN.



Sergt.-Instructor Dan Godfrey, 4th East Surreys, has just retired on pension. He was a good "Square" man.

TO THE MEMORY OF THEIR IRISH COMRADES.



Some of the Colonial troops who attended Westminster Cathedral on Saturday to celebrate High Mass for fallen Irish soldiers.—(Daily Sketch Photograph.)

DISLIKES THE WAR.



Herr Liebknecht, the Socialist, who caused an uproar in the Prussian Parliament by denouncing militarism.

TRENCHES AS A GUNNER SEES IT.



... Cigars are provided by ... Tennant, the artist.



Officer: "What the deuce are you doing?"
Tommy: "I've dropped my rifle, sir!"

FROM THE SCHOOL FORM TO THE FARM.



The children of the Edlesborough County School (Bucks), with the consent of their parents, finish lessons at two o'clock in the afternoon, and take up work on the land.



... life in the trenches in France ... Tennant, of the Royal Field ... awarded the D.C.M.

... IN THE EAST.



... overlooking the hills around ...

COMMISSION FOR CLAPTON ORIENT GOAL-KEEPER.



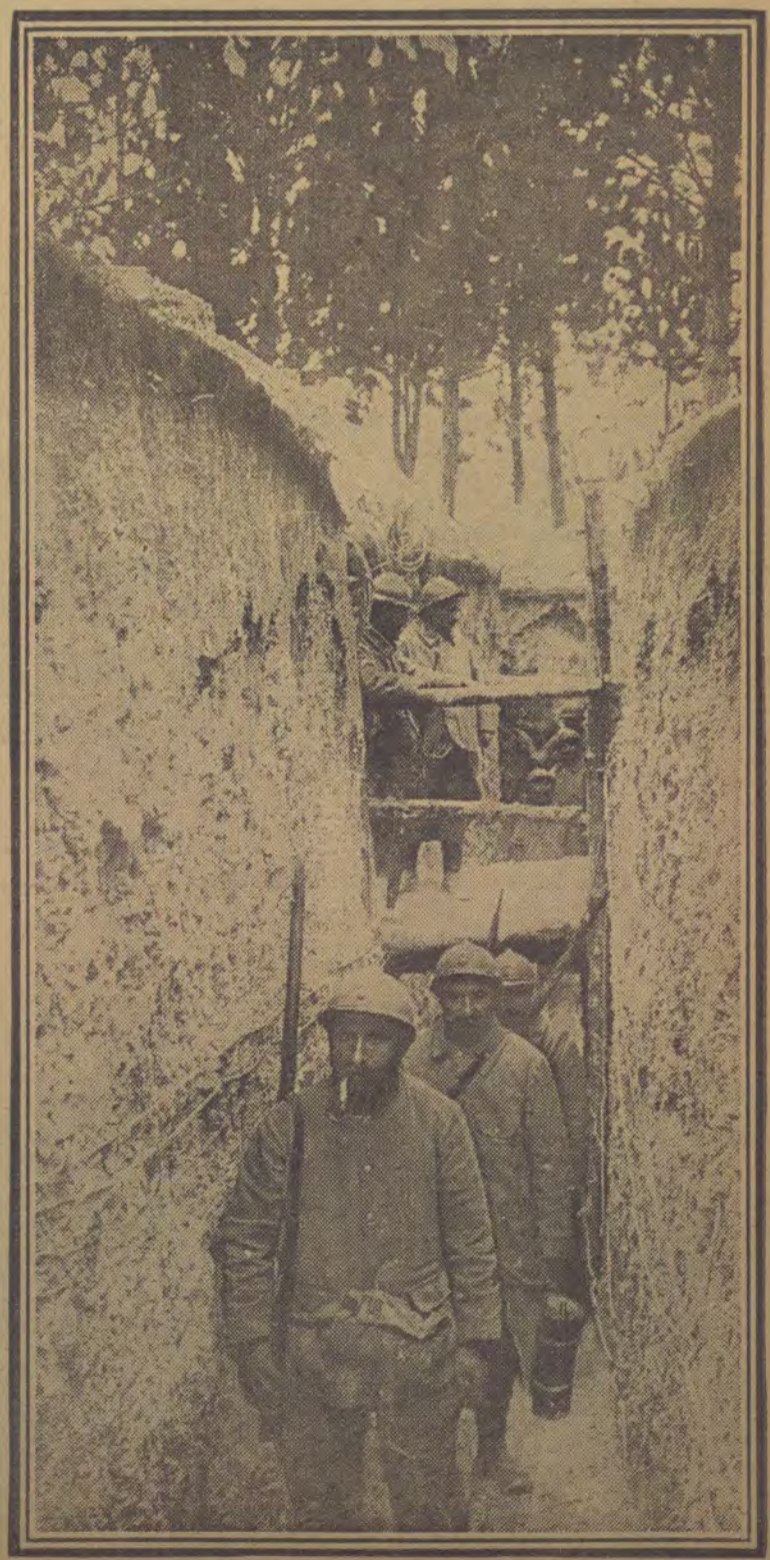
J. Hugall (on left), Clapton Orient goalkeeper, has been granted a commission. He was one of the first to join the Footballers' Battalion, and is seen just after enlisting with Capt. Wells Holland (Clapton Orient) and Lieut. W. W. Scotland (Crystal Palace F.C.).

ANZAC FALLS IN LOVE AND MARRIES HIS NURSE.



Corporal C. Davis, an Australian D.C.M., with his bride, Miss Smith, who nursed him after he was badly wounded in Anzac. His best man was Sergt.-Major Watson (on left), who has also won the D.C.M. They were married at Bermondsey.

BRINGING UP THE POILU'S SOUP.



French ration carriers bringing hot soup to their comrades in the front line trenches. The men have earned it.

Nutrition is more valuable than drugs

STIMULANTS and drugs are at best of but temporary value. What is needed in all cases of weakness is increased nutrition to build up permanent strength and vitality. For this purpose

CHYMOL is delightfully palatable. Adults and children take it plain, or spread on biscuit, bread, or toast, just before or with meals; or may be mixed with milk, wine, gruel, milk-pudding, etc.



Ask your Chemist—he knows. 1/- and 2/6 sizes.

CHYMOL is of exceptional value. It contains extraordinary and easily digested and assimilated nutrition. When added to other foods, it also enormously increases their nutritive value.

If suffering from exhaustion, neuralgia, anæmia, or dyspepsia; if run-down through worry and anxiety over the war, Chymol will give you a quick and lasting lift-up. Try it for twenty days and you will prove this for yourself.

Particulars from The CHYMOL COMPANY, Ltd. Atlantic House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.



THIS COUPON IS WORTH 6d. ONLY UNTIL APRIL 24th.

TO THE PUBLIC: With this Coupon you can obtain from your dealer a 1/- package of Chymol for 6d., or a 2/6 package for 2/-. Simply fill in your name and address and your dealer will accept it. This can be used towards the cost of your first package of Chymol only.

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THE CHYMOL COMPANY, LTD. Atlantic House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., will redeem this Coupon from you for 6d. cash when sent with signature and address of the customer who bought Chymol. Put your printed label on back of Coupon. Dealers claiming credit must be able to prove the purchase of Chymol at least twice the value of the Coupons returned.

Are you a Servantless Mistress?

IF so, you can save yourself all drudgery in cleaning lino and polished floors—save all stooping and kneeling—by using

THE NEW TRIANGULAR
O-Cedar Mop
Polish Mop
Impregnated Ready for Use. 5/2

Cleans as it polishes. Does in a few minutes every morning work that hitherto took an hour or more.

FREE TRIAL for one week. Deposit the price with your Dealers, and if not satisfied your money will be refunded.

Be sure it's **O-Cedar**

If unobtainable send to the Manufacturers:
CHANNELL CHEMICAL Co., LTD.,
41-45, Old Street, London, E.C.

THE NEW TRIANGULAR
O-Cedar Mop
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WITH ADJUSTABLE HANDY-HANDLE-HINGE

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We have paid much attention to this perfect comfort, having been scientific-medical profession.

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ARTIFICIAL TEETH.
ARTIFICIAL Teeth (old) Bought.—Messrs. Browning, Dental Manufacturers, 65, Oxford-st., London, the Original Firm who do not advertise misleading prices; full value by return or offer made; call or post. Est. 100 years.

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5/- MONTHLY (Privately, by Post).—SUITS, COSTUMES, Raincoats, Overcoats, Blankets, Bedding, Gramophones, Watches, Rings, and Jewellery. Boots 4s. Monthly. Lists and patterns free. State requirements.—MASTERS, LTD., 109,

MISCELLANEOUS SALES.
ANTIQUES, Old Coloured Prints, China, Old Gold, Silver, Chinese Paintings on mirror glass, oddments, etc., bought for cash. Folkards (est. 1814), 355, Oxford-street, W

CASH by return. Old False Teeth, Old Gold and Silver, Jewellery, Cut Glass, Antiques, Plate. Highest value given.—Birmingham Manufacturing Co., 3, New-st., Birmingham.

DRUNKARDS—Cured quickly, secretly, permanently; trial free, privately.—Carlton Chemical Co., 718, Birmingham.

FRINGE NETS, full size, 1s. 1d. doz., list free, combings purchased.—J BRODIE, 41, Museum-street, London

FURNITURE, second-hand, large quantity, must sell, regardless of cost; seen any time.—Depositories, 272, Pentonville-road, King's Cross. Catalogue on application.

GASLIGHT POST CARDS 20 5d., 50 8d., 100 1s. 3d. Photo Papers and Developers half-price. Enlarging from

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(MEDIUM STRENGTH)

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FOR WOUNDED BRITISH SOLDIERS AND SAILORS IN MILITARY HOSPITALS AT HOME AND FOR THE FRONT AT DUTY FREE PRICES. TERMS ON APPLICATION

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham.

P 580

Issued by the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland) Ltd.

HER SMART WATER WEAR



Miss Eleanore Casey, of New York, wearing the draped skirt and ruffled pantalettes with which she astonished her fellow-bathers at Palm Beach.

FOR SPRING DAYS



A Lewis "helmet" for spring wear, in blue and pink straw trimmed with leather flowers.

THE NURSE'S PRIDE.



Nurse Wainwright showing her friends the Royal Red Cross just bestowed on her by the King.

A Smart Design For Taffeta:

THE DAILY SKETCH PATTERN SERVICE FOR THE HOME-DRESSMAKER.

A SIMPLE taffeta frock, such as has been chosen for to-day's paper pattern design, is an invaluable item in the wardrobe of the war-economising woman who still wishes to look her best. While simple enough to wear for a quiet evening at home, and comfortable enough to rest in, it is at the same time smart enough for more formal afternoon or evening wear.

As the simple sleeved vest is made separately, the frock may be easily varied, and freshened by the provision of alternative vests of different colours and materials. A band of rich embroidery might adorn the waist-belt, as in the sketch, or a good piece of figured ribbon might be substituted.

Bottle-green taffeta, with a sulphur-yellow ninon blouse portion, dark blue taffeta with white chiffon or African brown with shantung silk and a gold-embroidered waistband are among the many colour schemes which suggest themselves for this little frock.

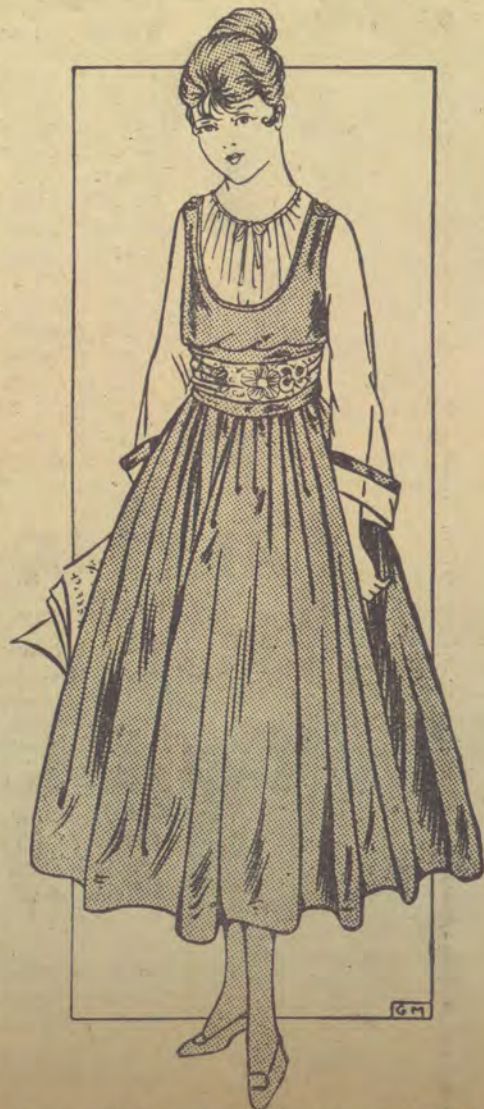
In paler shades of taffeta, with a "tucker" and baby-puff sleeves of tulle, the same design could be carried out very effectively for evening wear.

How To Get Patterns.

Exclusively designed for the *Daily Sketch*, this pattern may be obtained only from the Pattern Department, *Daily Sketch*, London, E.C. It is supplied in three sizes, to fit 22, 24, and 28 inch waists. Applicants should state the size required, and ask for Pattern 1,021. The price of each pattern is sixpence, or sevenpence post free.

All patterns are accompanied by diagrams showing exactly how to place the portions on the material, and also with detailed instructions as to putting together, finishing, pressing, etc., so that those who have never yet attempted dressmaking need not hesitate to make a start with a *Daily Sketch* pattern.

Although designed for taffeta and present wear, this little frock could be adapted for plain and figured voile for hot-weather needs, the one pattern thus covering all dress requirements



Daily Sketch Pattern 1,021—a taffeta

How to Treat your Hair and Complexion.

A Few Simple Beauty Hints.

By Mdlle. GABY DESLYS, the well-known Parisian Actress.

YOU ask me for a few hints on the treatment of the hair and complexion. Well, the less "treatment" you give the skin the better. I do not believe much in massage, but a little cream to the face is necessary to counteract the effects of wind or sun. What cream would I recommend? Well, I advise you to use a little mercolized wax every night and again in the morning after washing the face. Rub it gently into the skin, then wipe off any superfluous wax and dust a little barri-agar over the face. You will find that this will be the only "treatment" necessary and will keep your face fresh and youthful-looking all your life. The mercolized wax removes all the dead outer skin, so that you have always a fair, fresh complexion like a girl's.

inferior to wash the hair with. Get some good stallax from your chemist and use a teaspoonful in a cup of hot water. Then rinse the hair well and it will look bright and glossy.



Photo: Wrather & Buys.

A tonic is necessary when the hair is inclined to fall out more than it should, and is always good to use during the spring and autumn. Then the hair needs a little—what do you call it?—stimulant, and for this I would advise you to get a packet of boranium and mix it with some bay rum; dab this into the roots and it will not only stop the fall, but make your hair grow long and thick. Give your hair a good brushing every night and that will be all that you need do.

Gaby Deslys

For the hair, the first and most important thing is a good shampoo. Never use anything

Blackheads Fly Away.

Instantaneous Remedy for Blackheads, Greasy Skin, and Enlarged Pores.

A practically instantaneous remedy for blackheads, greasy skins and enlarged pores, recently discovered, is now coming into general use in the boudoir. It is very simple, harmless and pleasant. Drop a stymol tablet, obtained at the chemists, in a tumbler full of hot water. After the effervescence has subsided bathe the face in the liquid, using a small sponge or soft cloth. In

a few minutes dry the face and the offensive blackheads will come right off on the towel. Also the large oily pores immediately close up and efface themselves naturally. The greasiness disappears and the skin is left smooth, soft and cool. This simple treatment is then repeated a few times at intervals of four or five days to ensure the permanence of the result.

Grey Hair—Home Remedy.

An old-fashioned Recipe restores Youthful Appearance.

There are plenty of reasons why grey hair is not desirable and plenty of reasons why hair dyes should not be used. But, on the other hand, there is no reason why you should have grey hair if you do not want it. To turn the hair back to a natural colour is really a very simple matter. One has only to get from the

chemist two ounces of concentrate of tammalite and mix it with three ounces of bay rum. Apply to the hair with a small sponge for a few nights and the greyness will gradually disappear. This liquid is not sticky or greasy and does not injure the hair in any way. It has been used for generations with most satisfactory results by those who have known the formula.

To Kill Roots of Superfluous Hair.

The most Effective Formula ever Discovered.

Women annoyed with disfiguring growths of superfluous hair wish to know not merely how to temporarily remove the hair, but how to kill the hair roots permanently. For this purpose pure powdered pheminol may be applied directly

to the objectionable hair growth. The recommended treatment is designed not only to instantly remove the hair, but also to actually kill the roots so that the growth will not return. About an ounce of pheminol, obtainable from the chemist, should be sufficient.

Good News For Fat People.

Something New In Obesity Cures.

A London chemist says: "The latest method of reducing obesity certainly is far more pleasant and convenient than all previous methods. It consists merely in eating clynol berries. The fat person who wants to reduce without the usual rigid diet, exercise, sweating baths, etc., now puts a few of these little brown berries in his or her pocket and eats three or four each day. Clynol berries not only eliminate fat from the body, but also correct the tendency, which is

usually constitutional, to create fatty matter. No discomfort whatever is caused by their action, in fact, except for the loss of superfluous fat, and the feeling of "fitness" so created, you would not be aware that these little berries were doing their work.

Local enquiry shows that clynol berries are not very well known in England, but the demand is increasing daily, and any chemist can quickly procure them if specially requested to do so.—Advt.

BEAUTY THAT INSPIRES.
The kind of beauty that inspires admiration is a clear and healthy-looking skin, and the way to obtain it is the OATINE way. Oatine is delicately scented and pleasant to use, and guaranteed to be absolutely pure. Get a jar to-day.
In white jars, 1/1 and 2/3.
Ask for—
Oatine
FACE CREAM
GET IT AT YOUR CHEMISTS.

EXTRACT FROM S. PEPYS' DIARY 1660.
Feb. 27th.
I called for a dish of fish, which we had for dinner, this being the first day of Lent, and I do intend to try whether I can keep it or no.
28th.—Notwithstanding my resolution, yet, for want of other victuals, I did eat fleshe this Lent, but am resolved to eat as little as I can.
Human nature was evidently much the same 250 years ago, but had Mr. Pepys lived in the present day he would have found a valuable alternative diet in St. Ivel Lactic Cheese; it is much cheaper than Fish, Flesh or Fowl, containing more than three times their food value, and at the same time its lactic cultures keep the system healthy. Soft, creamy, delicious, with a mild Cheddar flavour. No rind, no waste. From Grocers and Dairymen.

When buying **BAKING POWDER** insist on having **BORWICK'S** The strongest, best & most economical in the world.

DO YOU WANT ANOTHER **£1 A WEEK** AND WAR BONUS? Reliable people will be provided with profitable Home Work on **AUTO-KNITTERS** by knitting War Socks. Experience and distance immaterial. Write for full particulars, enclosing 1d. stamp for postage. **THE AUTO-KNITTER HOSIERY CO., LTD.** (Dept. 2), 50 & 52, Belvoir St., LEICESTER

THE WAR IN THE WEST.

(Continued from page 3.)

One of our bombardment squadrons, composed of 23 machines, dropped 72 bombs on the aviation ground of Hapsheim and on the goods station of Mulhouse.

Enemy aeroplanes, sent in pursuit of our machines, engaged them in an air battle, during which one French machine and one German machine brought each other down with machine-gun fire.

Two other German machines fell in flames, and three of our aeroplanes were seriously damaged and had to land on enemy territory.—Reuter.

[Hapsheim is about five miles from Mulhouse, in Upper Alsace, between that town and the Rhine. It is an important station on the main line from the Swiss frontier, and commands one of the chief roads leading from the Rhine lowlands to the fighting front in the Vosges.]

MANY AIR COMBATS ON BRITISH FRONT IN FRANCE.

German Machine Driven Down In Damaged Condition.

British Official News.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS IN FRANCE.

Sunday, 11.18 p.m.

Yesterday the enemy, by exploding mines recaptured three craters at the Hohenzollern Redoubt.

To-day there has been artillery activity about Arras, Armentieres, and Wytchaete.

Hostile aeroplanes were again active, and there were many combats.

A hostile machine was brought down in the vicinity of Radinghem.

One of our reconnaissances was heavily engaged, but drove off all attacks, and drove down one hostile machine in a damaged condition.

All our machines returned safely, having completed their missions.

HOW OUR LADS KEEP FIT AT SALONIKA.



Peeps at a sports meeting organised by some of the Scottish troops at Salonika. In the top picture a hurdle race is seen in progress; below, competitors in an obstacle race scrambling through barbed wire.—(Official Photographs.)

FOOTBALL SUMMARY.

LONDON COMBINATION.

*Croydon Common (Weir, Fox, Kirby) 3, Tottenham Hotspur (Rance, Clay, Steel) 3.
*Crystal Palace (Lockton 3, Gilboy) 4, Chelsea (Thomson, Harrow) 2.
*Fulham (Nicholl, White 2, Shields) 4, Clapton Orient 0.
*Luton Town (Butcher 3, Upton, Simms 2, Tempest, Seadon 2), Reading (Lofthouse 2) 2.
*Queen's Park Rangers (Birch, Thomson) 2, Watford (James, Wright) 2.
*The Arsenal (Lees 2, Groves, Thompson 2) 5, Brentford (Denyer, Hooper) 2.
*West Ham United (Puddefoot 2) 2, Millwall (Moody) 1.

LEAGUE: MIDLAND SECTION.

*Bradford City (Fox, Jenkinson, McIlvenny 2) 4, Barnsley 0.
*Chesterfield (Goodwin 2) 2, Nottingham Forest (Banks) 1.
*Huddersfield Town (Elliott) 1, Leeds City (Price) 1.
*Grimsby Town (Young 2, Rippon, McQuire 2) 5, *Hull City (Slide, Lee) 2.
*Leicester Fosse (King, Benfield) 2, Stoke (Whittingham) 1.
*Notts County (Richards, Henshall, Waterall) 3, Derby County (Leonard) 1.
*Rochdale (Rawlings, Walker, Hoop, W. Smith) 4, Bradford (Kemp, Waite 2) 3.
*Sheffield Wednesday (Wilson 2) 2, *Rotherham County 0.
*Sheffield United (Gillespie 2, Kaye 2, Simmons 2, Brown) 7, Lincoln City 0.

LEAGUE: LANCASHIRE SECTION.

*Bolton Wanderers (Lillycrop, Vizard) 2, Southport Central 0.
*Bury (Lythgoe 2) 2, *Burnley (Hastie) 1.
*Everton (Williamson) 1, Manchester City (Jones) 1.
*Manchester U. 0, Liverpool 0.
*Blackpool (Charles, Hodgkinson, Latheron) 3, *Preston N.E. (Smith) 1.
*Southport County (Gault 2, Burnett, Nuttall) 4, Oldham Athletic (Lashbrooke, Wolstenholme) 2.
*Home team.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.—Glasgow Rangers 1, Third Lanark 0; Celtic 6, St. Mirren 0; Partick Thistle 4, Hibernians 1; Arr United 5, Clyde 1; Queen's Park 3, Aldrichians 0; Raith Rovers 1, Motherwell 0; Kilmarnock 1, Greenock Morton 1; Hamilton Academicals 0; Aberdeen 0; Falkirk 2, Heart of Midlothian 0; Dumbarton 1, Dundee 0.

SOUTH-WESTERN COMBINATION.—Bristol Rovers 2, Portsmouth 1; Swindon 3, Southampton 1; Cardiff City 3, Newport County 1.

ORDINARY MATCHES.—R.N. Division 7, Artists' Rifles 0; Northampton 7, 14th Essex Regt. 0; Barry 5, Bristol City 2; Norwich City 7, 2/2nd E.A.F. Am. 0; Inns of Court O.T.O. 3, I.R.E. 0.

RUGBY UNION.—Public Schools 16, Cambridge University 3; New Zealanders 14, Australians 3; A.S.C. (M.T.) 5, S. Africans 6; St. Bart's Hospital 16, Mr. Pemberton's XV 8.
NORTHERN UNION.—Rull K. Rovers 24, Huddersfield 0; Hunslet 8, Salford 0; Batley 10, Dewsbury 0; Hull 5, Halifax 3; St. Helens 19, Runcorn 11; Leigh 8, Rochdale Hornets 3; Broughton Rangers 5, St. Helens Rec. 3; Oldham 0, Wigan 0; Swinton 8, Bradford 0.

WINDSOR RESULTS.

1.0.—CARLETON HURDLE.—HILL FOX (W. Watson) 10 to 1; GRAYLING IV. (W. Earl) (100 to 6); 3; PUY-FONDU (W. Fitton) (3 to 1), 3. Also ran: Vlearia, Rubber King, Killin, Submit, Stargantes, Bath, Pankattan, Averna, Ronalde, Mofat, Chuckberry, Legal Light, Polacre, Cheery Bull. 15 lengths; 6 lengths.

1.30.—BERKSHIRE HURDLE.—STRONG BOY (W. Earl) (4 to 1), 1; KILLANNA (G. Duller) (6 to 1), 2; THE ANT (Avila) (4 to 1), 3. Also ran: Blue Stone, Dan Rusel, Sou-longue, White Prophet, Squire Bruce, Stainton. 1/2 length; 4 lengths.

2.0.—RED CROSS STEEPLECHASE.—KANRAN, 11-12 (W. Smith) (7 to 4), 1; ALBANY BEEF, 11-7 (T. Dunn) (6 to 1), 2; VERNEY, 11-12 (All Newey) (5 to 1), 3. Also ran: Miere, Sidley, Kingswood, Hellebore, Review. 3 lengths; 6 lengths.

2.50.—"LANCASHIRE" STEEPLECHASE.—TEMPLE-DOWNEY, 12-0 (T. Hulme) (100 to 8), 1; VERMOUTH, 12-0 (Reardon) (4 to 1), 2; LAMENTABLE, 11-6 (Walkington) (100 to 8), 3. Also ran: Couvrefeu H., Irish Mail, Copper Hill, Clitias, Limerock, Queen Hill, Poethlyn. 10 lengths; same.

3.0.—MARCH HURDLE.—DABBER, 11-9 (Avila) (100 to 8), 1; REGAL, 10-10 (C. Young) (4 to 1), 2; PERIMAC, 11-8 (Burlford) (100 to 8), 3. Also ran: Mint Master, Responsible, The Nab, Meadowcroft, Gallant Boy, Albion, Ricochet, Polivar Glatz. 4 lengths; same.

3.30.—BROKEN STEEPLECHASE.—GREY LEG IV., 11-13 (Parfement) (7 to 2), 1; GRITHORPE, 11-3 (W. Smith) (100 to 8), 2; SPEDDY FOX, 11-5 (Mr. F. A. Brown) (5 to 1), 3. Also ran: Kenia, Prince Francis, Top Hoie, Bouton Rouge. 10 lengths; bad.

OUR NEW TOY INDUSTRY.

To-morrow the recently-formed Association of Toy Manufacturers and Wholesalers will hold their first annual dinner at the Trocadero. The chair will be taken by the president, Major-General Lord Cheylesmore, with Mr. Lionel A. Martin, Chairman of the London Chamber of Commerce.



For Delicate Infants, and at Weaning Time Benger's is most valuable, because it adapts the fresh cow's milk with which it is prepared, to the delicate digestion of a child.

Benger's Food brings about this great and all-important change by its self-contained natural digestive action. As a result, the rich food contents of both Food and milk are absorbed by even weakly children, when other foods fail.



takes a little time to make—but as a result of this, its nourishment is imparted much more easily and quickly, and consequently children are sooner at rest.

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Descriptive Booklet sent post free on request. BENGER'S FOOD, Ltd.—MANCHESTER. Branch Office: NEW YORK (U.S.A.) 90, Bockman St. SYDNEY (N.S.W.): 117, Pitt Street, and Depots throughout CANADA.

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN EGYPT.

Captain On Staff Of Commander Of Mediterranean Force.

From The War Office.

Sunday Night.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has arrived in Egypt on appointment as staff captain on the staff of the General Officer Commanding-in-Chief the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force.

Toilet Economy



The way to preserve your complexion by Alvena, the one perfect vanishing cream at a price within the reach of all.

Even though we are at war, every lady naturally likes to look her best. It certainly will not add to the happiness of husband, brother or lover on leave, to see you looking older and less smart than when they went away. Of course, we are not suggesting extravagance at this time, but when it is realised first that a bottle of Alvena Crème de Beauté costs but one shilling; second, that its use makes such a world of difference in your appearance, there is every reason why you should procure a bottle. The need always exists for protecting one's complexion from smoky atmosphere and inclemency of weather, but the present period of worry and anxiety tends to create lines, wrinkles and crow's feet on the face, which will become permanent and make you look old before you need, if not gently smoothed away by using Alvena Crème for massage. Alvena Crème enables you to preserve the freshness of your complexion, the daintiness of your hands, the smooth roundness of your arms and perfect texture of neck and shoulders.

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(Not Greasy and Vanishes)

It is absolutely indispensable on the dressing table of every lady, young or old, who is determined to always look her best. It should always be used before and after travelling, motoring, golfing, cycling and all other forms of outdoor exercises.

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LOVE GOES ASTRAY

By Howel Evans

The Betraying Voice.
Steve tried to reassure himself. Why should he have jumped to the conclusion that the other man was John Finch? It might be the mysterious Stuart Darnley.

"We thought the paragraph in the newspaper might bring someone who knew her, sir," went on the superintendent. Neither of you wasted much time. The other gentleman came down in a motor-car too."

Then Steve remembered that he had caught a glimpse of a little run-about car outside.

Yes, the visitor was Stuart Darnley, Steve told himself—the man who knew that John Finch was still alive, who had told Steve he wouldn't have long to wait for Sheila.

"He's in there, in the matron's room with the young lady now," said the superintendent. "She slept at the matron's house last night, and she's much better to-day, though still rather weak. We thought she'd better be here in case anybody called. Shall I send your name in now, sir?"

"No, thanks, I'll wait till she's alone."
Steve kept his eye on the matron's door, which in a moment or two opened, and out came a man whom he totally failed to recognise. He only noticed for the moment that the man was quite good-looking, with a close-cropped, dark beard, and nice teeth, and that he smiled pleasantly at the superintendent as he wished him good-day.

But as he heard the voice Steve started, almost jumped. He knew it well. It was the voice of John Finch.

Pursuit.

The man had gone before Steve could recover from his surprise. But swiftly now Steve decided upon a course of action.

"Keep the young lady here until I come back," he said to the superintendent. "I may be a short time, I may be a long one, but don't let her go."

And out of the police-station rushed Steve. That was John Finch, was it? Ah, then, caution, prudence, everything could go to the winds! John Finch should be taken, should be restored to the arms of the law from which he had escaped.

Let him threaten what he liked to Sheila, this persecution, this intolerable state of things must and should end. Sheila was bound to this villain as long as he lived. Very well, then, let him be taken again and sent back to prison, where perhaps he might rot to death all the sooner.

Jumbling over one another, treading on heels,

came the jostling thoughts as Steve tried to start his car. The little run-about had already started some minutes ago, and was now well ahead, but Steve's powerful car would soon overtake it, and then there should be a reckoning with Mr. John Finch.

With his own hands Steve would take him and hale him to the nearest police station—not the one where Sheila was—and say: "Here is the escaped convict, John Finch." He would threaten the man, he would frighten his life out of him, he would swear to kill him with his own bare hands unless John Finch promised, swore, to keep the secret that Sheila was his wife. Yes, he would kill him!

At length the engine started, but by now the run-about was a long way ahead. Finch had recognised Steve, and white terror was in his dirty little soul as he urged his little car to its fullest speed. He had a good start. After all, he might get free.

For something told him that Steve, on his part, had recognised him, and as he put his car to its top speed he just flung a glance over his shoulder, and chuckled feebly when he saw that Steve had not yet started.

Perhaps, after all, Steve hadn't recognised him. Oh, it would be all right. He would get back to London, do his business, and then away to safety. What a fortunate thing that he had seen that paragraph in the paper describing the discovery of Sheila, and that he had gone down at once! He had been only just in time, only just in time!

But then over the sound of his own engine there came the buzzing of a more powerful one, and fearfully he looked round again, risking an accident, and saw that overhauling him surely enough was the other car.

If only, if only he had had a bigger car he could have escaped. But perhaps there was still a chance? Perhaps, after all, this man had not recognised him?

But that hope was soon proved to be futile as Steve with his car drew alongside, and in the grim face turned a little from the steering wheel John Finch seemed to read his doom.

Face To Face.

"Stop!" roared Steve, edging his car a little closer, and his voice was plainly heard over the noise of the wheels, "or I'll send you to blazes right now."

The road along which they were driving lay on the edge of what was practically a cliff skirting an old, deserted, sandstone quarry. The edge of the cliff was guarded by a slight iron railing, quite sufficient protection if vehicles kept to the road.

But now Steve, by skilful driving, had forced John Finch to edge his car on to the narrow strip of grass at the side. Another yard or two, a side-twist of Steve's car, and Finch's little run-about and its occupant could well be pitched through those railings to certain death below.

And so John Finch obediently stopped. Steve had slowed down his car, too, and he was the first to jump out when the wheels had ceased to revolve. In a second he had John Finch by the collar and had practically lifted him out of the car.

"Now," said Steve between his teeth, "we're going to have a little talk."
And there they stood face to face, the husband and the lover.

John Finch tried to meet Steve's eyes that now were coldly glittering, but he couldn't stand their fixed gaze and his own eyelids dropped.

"Yes," said Steve, "I shouldn't think you could look a man, a real man, in the face! Pah, you—you slime! Sit down there! You might at least try to show some pluck, oh, you—you thing of mud!"

For John Finch was trembling all over, his knees were literally giving way, and he collapsed on to a heap of stones at the side of the road, a pitiful object, if pity could have been felt for such a thing as he.

"So," said Steve, "you're John Finch and you're alive, and you've just come from—from your wife, have you? My God, it's wonderful to me that I keep my hands off you! It was you who got her away the night before last, I'll swear it was. It was you who tried to carry her off before. It was you who ruined her life. My God, I can't, no, I can't keep my hands off you. You've got to die, you swine, and die now—the death of a brute!"

Steve's voice had worked into a snarl; he could control himself no longer. All the passion in him had kept to its fountain head. He could only see before him the face of the man who had done these evil things, the face of the man who was only fit for death.

Not the accepted blood-red mist of murder did Steve see before his eyes, but rather, in a clear, white light he saw a peaceful future for Sheila if once this man was dead.

What mattered it, then, if he, Steve, went to the gallows? He would go joyfully, gladly, so that Sheila were free.

Near To Death.

There, on that quiet country road, was being played one of the eternal tragedies of life, one of the tragedies that always come when love goes astray. Two men and one woman, and between the right man and the right woman Fate stood with drawn sword.

But now Fate, in the shape of Stephen Hayle, stood over the quivering John Finch, and the voice, strong, inexorable, went on:—

"They say that God is merciful. I'll give you your chance, that he may hear you. So, if you

know any prayers, down on your knees to Him and pray that your wretched soul may be forgiven elsewhere, for it shall never be forgiven on earth."

And down on his knees fell John Finch, all the craven in him coming to the top, clutching at Steve's knees, babbling wildly, incoherently, pleading for forgiveness, for pity.

And the crawling, cringing thing at his feet seemed to goad Steve to further rage, and he didn't wait for the prayers—which the other had long forgotten if he had ever known any—but he picked up John Finch as if he had been a little child, and carrying him in his arms he strode across the narrow strip of grass and then held him over the edge of the cliff, which dropped sheer for some hundreds of feet.

"Look, look, that's where you're going! Down there, to be smashed to death! But it won't be as deep as the place where your soul will go, John Finch."

Steve felt a strange kind of joy as he held the limp figure over the edge of the slender railings, holding him with a grip of iron. Yes, he would prolong the agony as long as possible. For mercy seemed to have gone out of Steve.

"Just ten I'll count, my friend," he went on, "and then it'll be thud, and there'll be an end of you, and I shall drive back to the police-station and tell them what I've done. One—two—three—"

But Steve stopped, for the head was now sagging horribly on the shoulders, lolling like a dead man's. John Finch had fainted.

"Oh, no, oh no! You've got to know what's going to happen to you. We'll wait till you've recovered."

And over the railings Steve lifted his prey, and propped him up on the grass with his back against the heap of stones, and stood there looking down at him with a grim, crooked smile.

The Vision.

"Yes, Sheila shall be free, Sheila shall be free!" Steve muttered to himself. "My God, what's that?" he broke off.

His eyes, which had but a second or two ago been so clear, so far-seeing, now became clouded. A mist was before them. It seemed as if a thick and yet a translucent cloud was hovering on the road behind that heap of stones.

Then gradually the cloud began to dissolve, transforming itself into the shape of a woman, and there, standing so close to Steve that he could have touched her, was Sheila, his Sheila, with a look of entreaty on her dear face, and her dear hands stretched out to him, and from her lips there came words in her sweet, clear voice.

"Not blood on your hands, Steve, for my sake, for my sake. Remember, God is the true judge."

Yes, he heard the words clearly, distinctly. Sheila was still so close to him that he could have touched her, and he sprang forward, rubbing his eyes, and then, in a second as it seemed, the vision was gone.

And then Steve's strength seemed to ebb away. His knees trembled, and his blood was as water. For there came to him the feeling, the realisation that he had been near to murder.

He turned and saw John Finch slightly move his head; his eyes flickered and his lips opened. The man had revived.

"Get up, get up!" said Steve, hoarsely. John Finch moved a little, wriggled, and at last with an effort he sat up, but crouching, cringing, his head bowed.

This man must not die, thought Steve to himself. Sheila had forbidden it. And yet what was he to do with him? If he gave him up to the police, Sheila would be drawn into the horrible, sordid business; but that he could go free, that he should escape, was unthinkable.

And Steve stood there looking down at the man for whose life he had thirsted, and who was now in his power, almost wishing that the vision of his loved one had not stepped in between, and stopped the shedding of blood.

Another splendid instalment to-morrow.

LOSING HER LOOKS.

To be run-down in health and to lose their attractiveness is the double misfortune of many girls. Their pallid cheeks and dull eyes tell everyone that they are doomed to days of wretched headache and are victims of breathlessness and bloodlessness.

The anemic girl, if she neglects her health, may be a sufferer all her life; for an active, happy woman cannot be developed out of a bloodless, consumptive-looking girl without the essential help of new, rich blood.

Take heed, pale, weak girls. Bloodlessness must not be neglected. Plenty of good air, a nourishing diet and rest will help you, but the cure you need most promptly is new blood. You may have little appetite, your nerves may keep you awake at night, your debility may make recreation difficult, but these are all signs that you must make your blood rich and red, and so renew your health by refilling your veins.

Good, new blood in abundance, such as makes all the difference between sound health and uncertain health to girls and women, is supplied by Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people. Begin them to-day by obtaining a supply from your dealer; only, ask for Dr. Williams'.

FREE.—Fair sufferers should read "Plain Talks," a medical guide for women, offered free to all who send a postcard request to Hints Dept., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London.—Advt.

MOTHER, THE CHILD IS BILIOUS!

Don't Hesitate! A Laxative is Necessary if Tongue is Coated, Breath Bad, or Stomach out of Order.

Give "California Syrup of Figs" at once—a teaspoonful to-day often saves a child from being ill to-morrow.



If your little one is out of sorts, isn't resting, eating and acting naturally—look, Mother! See if its tongue is coated. This is a sure sign that its little stomach, liver and bowels are clogged with bile and undigested food. When cross, irritable, feverish, with tainted breath and perhaps stomach-ache or diarrhoea; when the child has a sore throat or a chill, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the poisonous, constipating undigested food and bile will gently move out of its little bowels without griping, and you have a healthy, playful child again.

Mothers can rest easy after giving this harmless "fruit laxative," because it never fails to cleanse the little one's liver and bowels and cleanse the stomach, and they dearly love its pleasant taste. Full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups printed on each bottle.

Ask your chemist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," and see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." Of all leading chemists, 1/3 and 2/- per bottle. Avoid substitutes.—Advt.



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THEATRES.

AMBASSADORS.—"MORE" by H. Grattan. Brilliant Revue. Evgs. 8.30. Mats. Thurs. Sats., at 2.30.

COMEDY THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Arthur Chudleigh. SECOND EDITION, "SHELL OUT!" by Albert de Courville and Wal Pink. Every Evening, at 8.45. Mats., Morns., Fris., and Sats., 2.45. Phone, Ger. 3724.

DRURY LANE.—Arthur Collins presents D. W. Griffith's Mighty Spectacle "THE BIRTH OF A NATION." Twice Daily, at 2.30 and 8 p.m., commencing March 22nd. Prices, 7s. 6d. to 1s. Box Office now open. Gerrard 2588.

VARIETIES.

ALHAMBRA.—Revue. 5064 Gerrard. ANNA DOROTHY, CLYDE COOK, GEORGE FRENCH, and ODETTE MYRTIL. Mats., Weds. and Sats., 2.15. Doors 8.

COLISEUM.—At 2.30 and 8 p.m. FLAINE TERRIS, AUGUSTUS YORKE and ROBERT LEONARD in "Isadore, Von Tell Her," etc. Ger. 7541.

HIPPODROME, London.—Twice Daily, 2.30, 8.30 p.m. New Revue, "JOY-JAND!" SHIRLEY KELLOGG, HARRY TATE, YETTA RIANZA, BETRAM WALLIS, CHARLES FERKELEY, and Super Beauty Chorus.

MASKELYNE'S MYSTERIES, St. George's Hall. Daily at 8 and 8.15 to 5s. Children half-price. Phone 1545. Mayfair.

PALACE.—"BRIC-A-BRAC," at 8.35. VARIETIES at 8. MATINEES WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 2.

PALLADIUM.—2.30, 6.10, and 9. Little Tich, Jack Pizarro, Laura Guerite, Joe Elvin and Co., Berttram Banks, and James Welch and Co. in "The Man in the Street."

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TRUE WAR ECONOMY.

It is easy to be smart on a war-time dress allowance if you make your garments at home with the help of *Daily Sketch* patterns. See Page 9 to-day.

PICTURES OF HOME FOUND ON THE BATTLEFIELD



A memento of our stay at Suvla Bay. It was picked up in the trenches there.

This pretty photograph was, with several others, sent home from France.

Found by one of the last men to leave Suvla Bay.

This was also lost on the Gallipoli Peninsula. There were other happy "snaps" with it.



Another photograph found at Suvla Bay.

Left in an artillery dug-out at Ypres.

Enclosed by mistake with a dead soldier's effects.

Believed to belong to one of the Cheshires.



A memory of happier times. A member of the R.A.M.C. attached to the Welsh Division found this in Gallipoli.



Received from a Canadian staying in Sheffield. He found it in France.

Sent to the *Daily Sketch* by a wounded Tommy.

This photograph was found in a dug-out in France.

During the evacuation of Cape Helles this photograph was picked up by a gunner.